

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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A POPULAR BOSTON INSTITUTION—THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN, WHERE FOOD IS SERVED AT ACTUAL COST.
DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.—[SEE PAGE 163]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Timely Words of Counsel.

THE dissensions of the Republicans of this city over the proposed reorganization of the party are attracting wide attention throughout the State. A few Republican journals discuss them in a partisan spirit and with reference rather to the perpetuation of the control of one or another personal element, but for the most part the dominant feeling seems to be one of genuine solicitude for the party welfare rather than concern for the triumph of this or that person or faction. The *Elmira Advertiser*, in an able and vigorous editorial, expresses what is the undoubted sentiment of all right-thinking Republicans as to the struggle now in progress. After a review of the action so far had by the rival organizations the *Advertiser* says:

"That the party machinery should be placed in the best possible working condition in the city of New York is by far a more important consideration than that either the committee of thirty or the anti-machine men should have their own particular or favorite schemes adopted. Better brush away and utterly destroy both the committee of thirty and the anti-machine organization and start anew. It is very sure that no wise decision can result from mere name-calling and bickering and reminiscences of all the unpleasant happenings of a generation. The time has come for these Republicans in New York City who, of course, desire party unity and success more than any personal victory or factional advantage, to call a halt. Any well-informed Republican could easily name six men or eight men or a dozen men, who, in a week's time, could reach such an adjustment of the details in dispute and formulate such a scheme of reorganization as would compel the adherence and acquiescence and approval of all right-minded Republicans in the city and out of it.

"Both sides in the dispute are loud in their professions of zeal and love for the party, and both sides are undoubtedly sincere in this profession. Both sides profess to have only the weal of the Republican cause at heart, and both are undoubtedly honest in this profession. Without stopping to discuss the merits of either of the proposed plans, this much is certain: that love and zeal and devotion in the interests of the party are working only destruction when they result only in unsheathing the scalping-knife.

"The *Tribune* and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Platt and Mr. Milholland have all rendered valuable services to the Republican party. The Union League Club, collectively and individually, has also rendered most distinguished service to the Republican party. The party, on its part, has well requited all these services. No man or set of men, however, has ever yet rendered so great service to the party as to justify on their part deliberate imperiling of party success. A great opportunity awaits us in the near future, and New York City Republicans, of whatever name or condition or affiliations, should not, must not, in a bad-tempered quarrel over a mere matter of method of procedure, prevent the party at large from availing itself of that opportunity."

These are timely words. They should be heeded by those to whom they are addressed. To persist any longer in contentions which threaten the party integrity and the interests of good government in the State will be little less than a crime. There has never been a time in the party history when grander opportunities for successful achievement in behalf of sound principles and ideas invited us to united action. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the high occasion by rising with single-heartedness of purpose to the accomplishment of the patriotic ends which lie within our reach.

Police Reform.

THE action of the Union League in endorsing Mr. Sheffield's bill increasing the power of the superintendent of police in this city, in preference to the bill for a non-partisan police board, is significant of the distrust with which thoughtful citizens regard every measure which admits of a division of responsibility in police administration. We have favored the idea of a non-partisan board, and there can be no doubt that this is the principle which should find application in all departments of the municipal service, but it must be admitted that so long as the power of appointment rests with the mayor there can be no assurance that the principle will be honestly carried out; no guarantee that the police system would be organized and administered with reference to good government. For years past the department has been largely dominated by party bosses and used for the furtherance of their ends. Unfaithful and incapable officials, both Democrats and Republicans, have been kept in place because they were useful to outside politicians in the promotion of their selfish ambitions or in the protection

of classes of offenders upon whose support they rely. The experience of the past certainly justifies the conclusion of the Union League that a "party division of the board has laid the foundation of deals and arrangements which have been a bane to the government of the city."

Mr. Sheffield's bill proposes to so far increase the power of the superintendent as practically to emancipate him from the control of the partisan influences which now cripple him. It concentrates, in other words, the executive functions of the department, and puts the responsibility for an efficient enforcement of the laws where it properly belongs. Given an honest man as superintendent, this plan would certainly be an improvement upon the present system. There can be no doubt that Superintendent Byrnes, once invested with adequate authority, would speedily bring about a decided reform in this important service.

The recommendation of the Union League as to the police is coupled with a recommendation concerning the control of elections which will commend itself to all right-minded citizens. It is to the effect that a law should be passed severing the Bureau of Elections from the control of the police commissioners and establishing a separate non-partisan bureau with absolute authority in the whole matter. It is on every account desirable that our election machinery should be divorced from partisan politics. Inspectors appointed by the police board, controlled by Tammany, cannot be relied upon for honest service. The bill before the Legislature, proposing that each party shall have an equal number of inspectors, is demanded by every consideration of sound policy, but it will not, so far as this city is concerned, make impossible the appointment of incapable and unworthy men—Republicans who are in touch with Tammany as well as Democrats who proudly wear its collar. The boss element and partisan influences must be wholly eliminated from the constitution and direction of election boards. It would be a good thing for the city and the State if both of these suggestions of the Union League could be carried into practical effect, and it is to be hoped that the Legislature will so far realize its responsibility as to make this result possible by enacting the necessary legislation.

Naval Speed Premiums.



CHAIRMAN CUMMINGS, of the Committee on Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives, has added much to his reputation as a faithful public servant, and contributed substantially to the public good, by his recent report, adopted unanimously by his committee, on the premium system adopted by Congress and the Navy Department in the upbuilding of the new navy. It will be remembered that on September 28th, 1893, one J. Hale Sypher, who has been known in and out of the halls of Congress more or less favorably for twenty years, wrote to Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the head of the largest ship-building company in America, giving him notice that the premium system was about to be investigated by Congress as a great scandal, and that lawsuits would probably be instituted to recover this money, amounting to more than one million dollars, which had been "illegally paid." He told Mr. Cramp he had "important information" which was at Mr. Cramp's service. The letter was unanswered, and forthwith two resolutions appeared in the House, one introduced by Mr. Holman and the other by Mr. Blair, both inspired by Sypher, as the investigation showed, calling attention to these "exorbitant sums," and practically accusing the whole Navy Department, from designers down to inspection officers and trial boards, with their frequent changes, of corruption and collusion with the contractors.

Such a momentous, and, in the light of the results, one might say such a monstrous charge, has not been made in Congress since the days of the Belknap scandal. Indeed, it is doubtful if ever a graver charge was made against the integrity of government servants. It accused hundreds of men, to whom the word honor is a religion, of gross conspiracy to defraud the government. Happily there was not the slightest excuse for the charge; and to Mr. Cummings chiefly belongs the credit of exposing the motives of those making the charge and proving conclusively that the premium system is not only not a matter of fraud, but the very means, and really the only means, by which the American navy has surpassed those of other countries in quality, and made it the most conspicuous in its excellence in the world.

There was an attempt to refer these resolutions to some other committee than the one on Naval Affairs. Mr. Cummings resented this with such righteous indignation that he won his point, and he began the work of running down the charges of corruption. Sypher was made to confess that he had no friendship for Mr. Cramp; that he did not expect to be made Mr. Cramp's counsel; that he wanted to "smoke out" Mr. Cramp and "put a searchlight on him," who, Sypher said, was at his "old tricks." Sypher avoided explaining his motives, and finally added to his assurance by accusing the members of the committee, right there to their faces, of being in the ring, and, for all practical purposes, in the enormous steal.

Mr. Cummings shows by Congress reports that Sypher's record in other public matters is questionable, declares that the present charge is not only untrue, but by testimony shows that it is absurd, and plainly indicates that Messrs. Holman and Blair have been made the victims of influences outside the chambers of Congress which are of suspicious merit. He shows by incontrovertible facts, furnished by witnesses, that the premium system has been an economical system, and that we have secured our new vessels cheaper by this method than otherwise. In one class of gun-boats the contractors' figures in every instance went beyond the appropriation figures. The requirements as to speed were reduced and a higher premium granted. The vessels earned enormous premiums, but, counting on that, the contractors lowered their price so far that the vessels cost less than the original bids. Mr. Cummings also shows that the trial trips do not injure a vessel, that they show exactly the full capabilities of each ship, and that in several instances the vessels have done better in the government's hands than on the trial trips.

The fact of the matter is that in building these new vessels, the like of which has not been produced elsewhere, no contractor would present reasonable figures without the inducement of a premium. Even with a full supply of data no ship-constructor ever lived who could determine the speed of a ship within a quarter of a knot. Two ships identical as to every bolt and plate may be built side by side by the same contractor and the same workmen, and differ that much in speed. Where the construction is a matter of experiment no man can tell a vessel's probable speed within three-quarters of a knot. Then there is a "good-enough" way of adjusting a vessel's machinery and a most skilled way, both of which, of course, will satisfy rigid inspection, but differ vastly in results. By the premium system the contractor is induced to do his best in every particular. If the United States has paid more than one million dollars for speed premiums these new vessels are just that much better than they would be otherwise. Having decided upon the system, and encouraged ship-builders to adopt it, it would be base to repudiate it. With the data secured by recent trials, it is reasonable to suppose that hereafter premiums will grow smaller, and the opportunities of men like Mr. Sypher to make insinuations will be lessened.

The report of the naval committee is to come up for adoption or rejection by the House, and Mr. Cummings is known to expect a sharp contest. He ought to win easily. The thanks of every naval officer and of every citizen of repute ought to go out to him. The people generally are not corrupt. The simple question is whether Uncle Sam, having induced ship-builders to construct vessels of better quality than naval experts ever dreamed could be constructed, ought to pay for them and rejoice in them whether the extra cost, for which full value has been received, be one million or five millions of dollars.

A Bit of Tragedy.



OW many tragedies are mirrored in the columns of the daily newspapers! Not a day passes that some fresh story of human wretchedness, of lives wrecked, of sad immolations of manhood and womanhood, and butcheries of hearts, is not unfolded to the public gaze. It seems almost, as the weird and spectral procession of lost and strayed souls passes in review, as if life is altogether tragic, with not a ray of comedy illuminating it anywhere. A story told in some of the city journals a week or so ago stands as a type of thousands. In October last the young son of a clergyman in Scranton, Pennsylvania, suddenly disappeared from his home. Distracted with grief, the father, obtaining a long leave of absence, set out in quest of the missing lad. For four months he has wandered up and down the land, getting a clew here and there, only to lose it again, and finally, about the middle of February, appeared, careworn and haggard, at the information bureau of the police headquarters in this city. A fresh clew had been obtained at a wayfarers' lodge, where the wanderer had applied for shelter, but beyond that the search was fruitless. The great city had swallowed up the wayward boy as in a maelstrom. Up to this writing the father, looking day after day for news of his discovery, has waited in vain. But he still persists in his quest. Maybe, some day, a kindly Providence will lead his son back into his arms; and in the strength of that hope he has renewed his weary pilgrimage.

One does not need to read between the lines to discern the pathos of a story like this. Youthful waywardness and perversity, parental affection and heartbreak, the faith that knows no defeat, a home in eclipse, and a life running sadly to waste—all these are apparent on the very surface of the narrative. The looms of life are forever weaving these sombre threads into the tangled web in which humanity is enmeshed. And there are tragedies of which the world never knows—martyrdoms whose fires burn and devour in secrecy and silence—which are infinitely more dreadful than any which ever come into public view. We pity, rightly, the wanderer who seeks, unavailingly, the prodigal who is herding somewhere with the swine;

but how much more deserving of our sympathy are the unnamed sufferers, victims of unbridled lusts and hates, with whom life is a prolonged and unutterable torture, and who wait with a consuming longing for the slow-paced hour of release.

The Crank Epidemic.



HERE are several epidemics raging throughout the world, but the most dangerous of all seems to be that of cranks. We have had a revival of la grippe, here and abroad, and for the first time in this country we have something like an epidemic of poverty, caused largely by what the Democratic party facetiously terms "tariff reform."

We see this same poverty epidemic in other countries, where labor is degraded and handicapped, as it is proposed to degrade and handicap it here. This condition of affairs brings about an unrest among the idle, the vicious, and the ignorant. Prendergast, who murdered the mayor of Chicago, is of a kind with Guiteau, but what shall we say of Vaillant in Paris, who sought wholesale murder in the Chamber of Deputies, or of his recent imitators, or of the wretch in Barcelona who murdered fifteen of his fellow-creatures while in the innocent enjoyment of an operatic spectacle? To-day all France is in a tremor of anxiety, amounting almost to a panic, at the bare rumor of a plot to duplicate the previous outrages of these anarchistic cranks.

What is the remedy for this state of things? Certainly the corporal punishment of offenders as provided by the law does not satisfy the public outcry for summary vengeance, nor does it deter the murderers from hatching their hateful conspiracies against law and order. On the contrary, these people are looked upon by their followers as martyrs in a sacred cause, the cause, it is presumed, of social reform, and pilgrimages are made to their graves, and their names become slogans for the advocates of senseless and useless violence. The measures of repression undertaken in France and Spain have been enforced elsewhere on the continent of Europe, but they are at best but temporary expedients, and are merely calculated in themselves to breed a fresh batch of murderous and murdering cranks.

What is needed throughout the world is a higher and better standard of justice and a truer equality among men. The spectacle of Crokers fattening upon the profits of political power, the McKanes defying the law—or, if adjudged guilty by it, practically freed of punishment by evasions and distortions of its provisions—are spectacles which produce cranks and bring into contempt and derision the social order which can develop, and then tolerate, such travesties of law and order. Reform in our social order will, to a large extent, drive these troublemakers out of business. Suppress the vicious who, while seemingly obeying all laws, prostitute the whole Decalogue for their selfish purposes; give us more Parkhursts and fewer political and commercial tricksters; annihilate monopolies which oppress and devour the substance of the people; and the breed of cranks, deprived of the nourishment by which they now sustain themselves, will no longer be a serious menace anywhere.

President Cleveland's Declension.



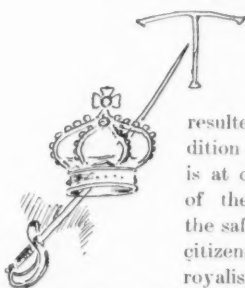
THE decadence of President Cleveland's moral sense, and the extent of his divergence from the ideals which he set for himself in his first administration, are very conclusively and strikingly exhibited by the use he is making of the authority of his office. One of the most notable deliverances of his first term was in the form of an order to the heads of departments in the service of the government, in which he deprecated the pernicious activity of office-holders in political affairs, and laid down a series of rules for the "guidance" of all persons of this class. "They have no right," he said, "as office-holders, to dictate the political action of their party associates, or to throttle freedom of action within party lines by methods and practices which pervert every useful and justifiable purpose of party organization. The influence of Federal officers," he continued, "should not be felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions. The use by these officials of their positions to compass their selection as delegates to political conventions is indecent and unfair, and proper regard for the proprieties and requirements of official place will also prevent their assuming the active conduct of political campaigns."

The views here enunciated by Mr. Cleveland provoked widespread approval, and undoubtedly added to his popularity. But they were never accepted by the managers of his party, and now he has himself repudiated them. No underling in the Federal service has ever so shamelessly violated the proprieties of official place as Mr. Cleveland has done in his use of the appointing power. He has undertaken to impose his personal will upon his party as

the supreme law. He has imported his personal animosities into his performance of official duty, and has sought to compel Senators of his party to co-operate with him in securing the gratification of his private grudges. It is charged, and not denied, that in some cases he has, in furtherance of his dictatorial policy, so far forgot the dignity of his office as to propitiate hostile Senators by permitting them to name as appointees henchmen of their own who were utterly lacking in character and qualifications. His extraordinary action in sending members of his Cabinet on the floor of the Senate to lobby for the confirmation of Mr. Peckham as associate justice of the Supreme Court is the latest and most conspicuous violation of his own ideals. It was the climax of a series of attempts to dictate the political action of his party, and compel submission to his individual judgment, which is without parallel in the political history of the last thirty years.

We have no sympathy with the claim that the President is bound, as to general appointments, to subordinate his judgment to that of members of either house of Congress. Under the Constitution and laws he is responsible for these appointments, and it is his right and duty to resist any invasion of his prerogative which would impair his independence. As to purely local appointments, the executive may properly advise with Senators or Representatives, and their judgment, when made up honestly, with reference wholly to the best interests of the public service, is entitled to respect. But while the final responsibility for all appointments rests with the President, it is his duty to use the appointing power solely for public ends. He is bound to consult the interests of the people and to select the best attainable agents for the administration of their affairs. He has no right to subordinate these interests to any selfish personal or partisan purpose. When he does that he becomes a usurper, perverting delegated power to unjustifiable uses. It is precisely here that President Cleveland has so signally misconceived and so outrageously abused the authority of his office as a constitutional ruler. He has audaciously offended the canons of decency and good taste, has brought reproach upon his office, and dishonor upon his own good name. Even his old-time admirers realize and confess his declension. If he shall persist in the course he has so far pursued he will retire from the Presidency covered with public contempt. He has still time to retrace his steps and reinstate himself in the public regard by conforming his policy to the standards established in his first administration. Is he broad enough and strong enough to utilize his opportunity?

The Unrest in Hawaii.



THE encouragement given to the Hawaiian royalists by President Cleveland and his representatives at Honolulu has resulted in the perpetuation of a condition of excitement and unrest which is at once prejudicial to the integrity of the existing government and to the safety of the lives and property of citizens. Late advices show that the royalist party continue their plots against the provisional administration, and that they are apparently prepared to employ any means, however desperate, to accomplish their ends. In one case it is alleged that they had even planned to capture the legislative hall by killing the members of the chamber with dynamite bombs.

Meanwhile the provisional authorities are turning their attention to the subject of organizing a constitutional and representative government and adjusting affairs to permanent conditions. This, upon the basis of universal suffrage, will be a somewhat difficult task, owing to the large Polynesian and Asiatic elements in the population, who are unfitted for the higher responsibilities of citizenship. The Japanese and Chinese in the islands are clamoring for suffrage and other rights, and the former are studying English in order that they may meet any educational qualification that may be established. They are said to outnumber the native Hawaiians and may possibly prove to be a troublesome faction in the future. But the men in control apparently believe that all difficulties can be overcome. Their plan, so far as outlined, proposes to admit the entire native Hawaiian population to full voting power in the election of the lower house, but to restrict the suffrage to the white population in the choice of the upper house. This will preserve the control of affairs in the hands of the enlightened class and assure efficient and stable administration until the public safety will admit of unrestricted suffrage. Of course, under ordinary conditions, a denial of the suffrage to any class of the population would be unjustifiable, but in such a case as this the public security is the highest consideration and must determine the course to be pursued. It is to be hoped that the same wisdom and courage which have been so conspicuously displayed by the chiefs of the provisional government in their management of affairs up to this time may continue to characterize their action in dealing with the difficult problems of the future.

Topics of the Week.

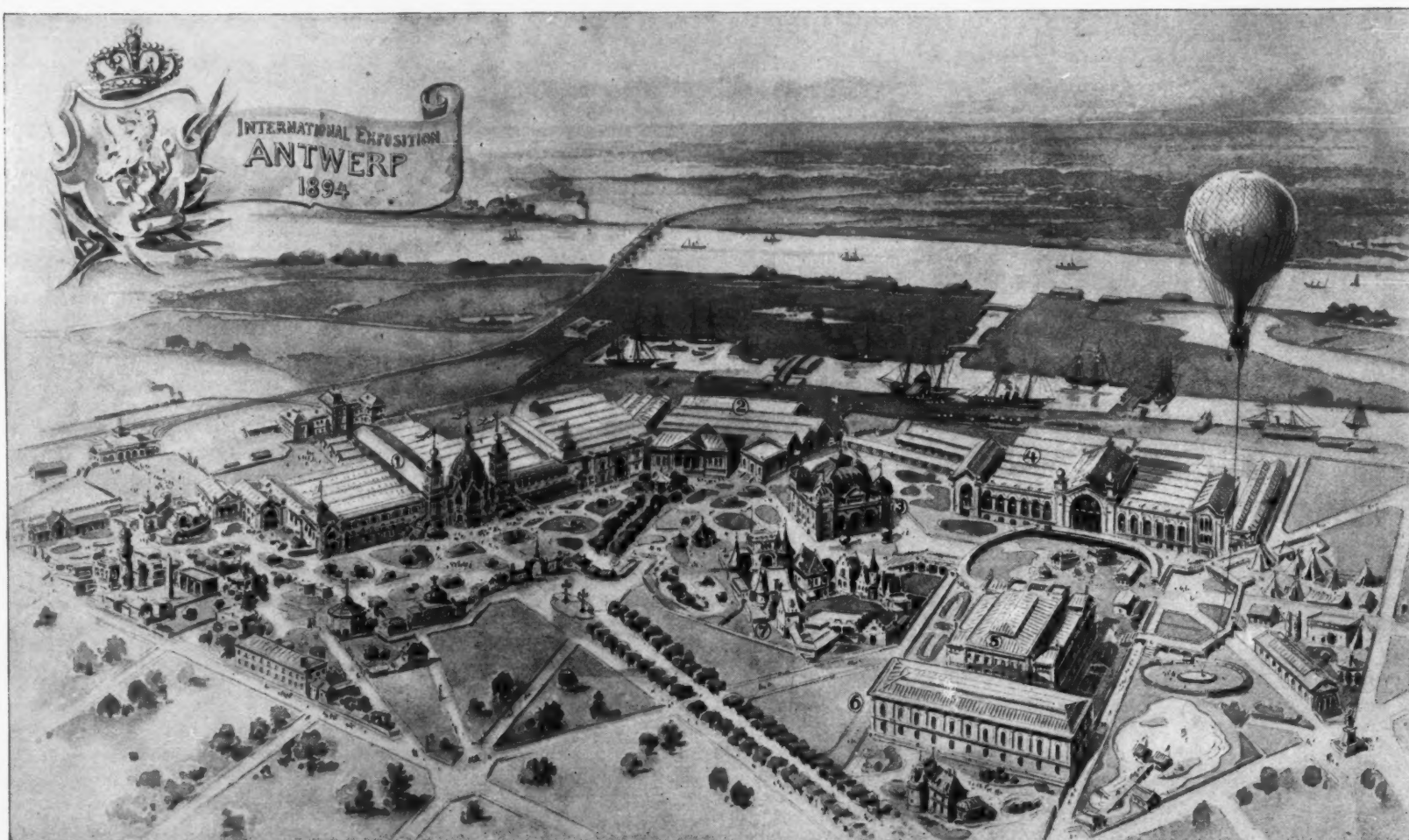
CONGRESS ought to pass without an hour's delay the bill introduced by Senator Hoar, having as its object the more complete suppression of the lottery business in the United States. The attempt of the Louisiana Lottery Company to carry on its business in Florida while having its headquarters nominally in Honduras, and its successful evasion of existing laws by methods never anticipated, as shown by publications in the enterprising *Florida Citizen*, make the proposed legislation prohibiting the importation of lottery tickets absolutely necessary to the protection of the public morals, and it will be a national disgrace if the matter is passed over without definite action. The Federal government cannot afford to permit an open and ostentatious defiance of its laws by any corporation which nourishes public evils and fattens itself upon the vices and appetites of the people.

THERE is no room for doubt as to the unpopularity of Democratic policy with the voters of Pennsylvania. The election of Mr. Grow as Congressman-at-large by a plurality of one hundred and eighty thousand is a distinct and conclusive condemnation of that policy. No such plurality has ever before been given in that State for any candidate. The extent of the popular discontent with Democratic methods and ideas is even more strikingly shown by the remarkable gains made by the Republicans in the local elections. Several Democratic strongholds which have heretofore resisted all assault were carried by the Republicans, while the boroughs and villages generally throughout the State record Democratic losses. The warning to the Democratic tariff "reformers" is emphatic and unmistakable, but it is not at all likely that it will be heeded.

Now that the bugbear of negro domination has disappeared with the repeal of the Federal Elections law, it will be interesting to observe by what excuse the Bourbons of the South will justify their resort to the policy of fraud and intimidation. Some of the more liberal and enlightened Democratic newspapers are advising the party that it will not answer any longer to stuff ballot-boxes or "cut capers" of any sort, now that the one pretext by which these outrages were justified is removed, and that it may be well for voters to divide on financial and economic questions according to personal beliefs. Undoubtedly this result will come in time, and there is a possibility that with rival interests appealing for his support the negro may presently get his rights, but it may well be doubted whether these ends will be reached until the men now in control at the South have been supplanted by a generation capable of appreciating the changed conditions of the national life and the responsibilities which these altered conditions impose.

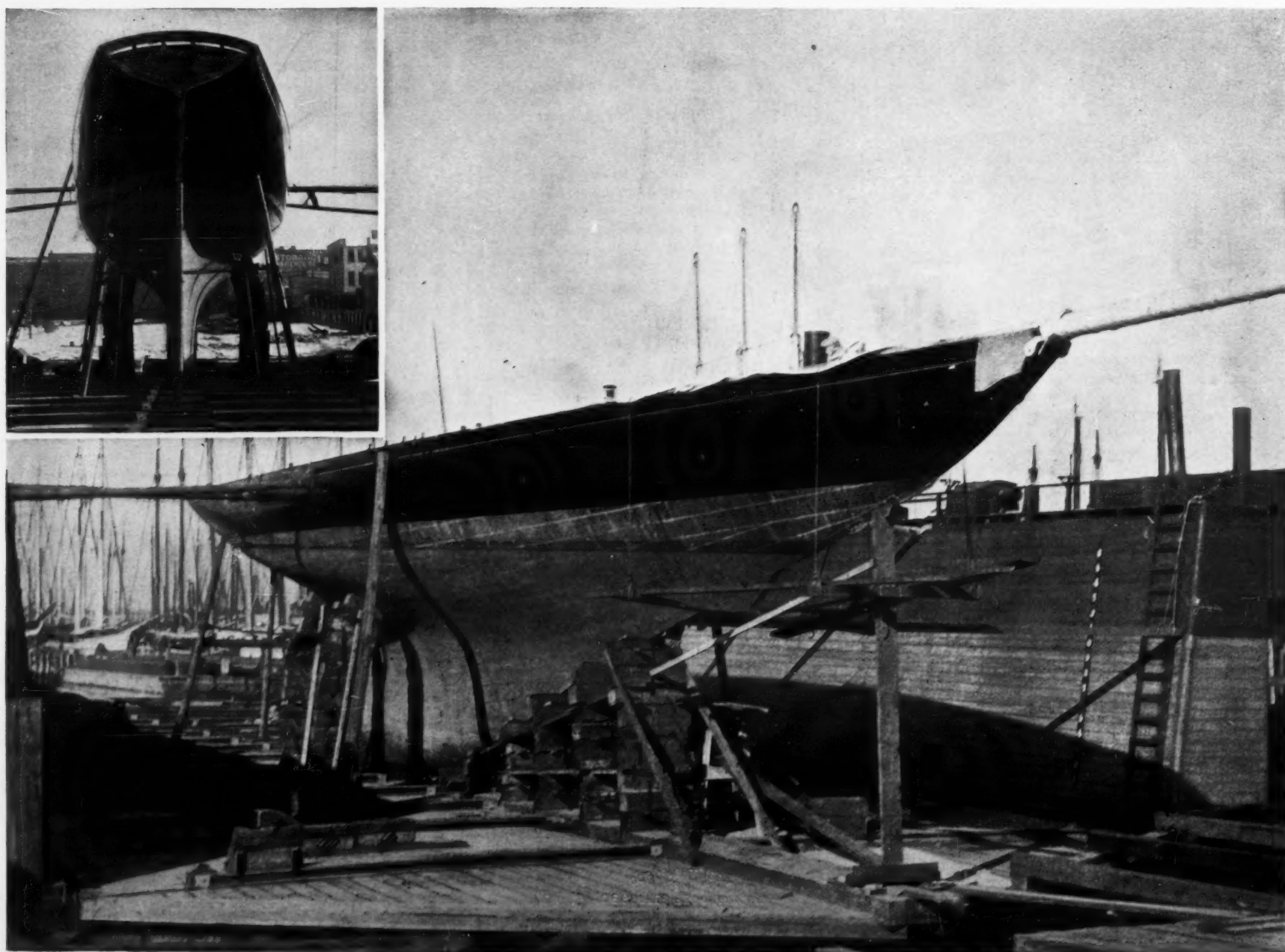
IT is in every way desirable that the mails should not be used for the dissemination of obscene literature, or literature of any sort likely to hurt the public morals. But it is not necessary to this end that the Postmaster-General should be invested with the power of arbitrary censorship. That, however, is just what is proposed by a bill now before the House of Representatives. This bill makes the officer in question the sole judge as to what is unmailable matter under the existing laws prohibiting the circulation of criminal news and other objectionable reading. It is easy to see how an autocratic official might abuse the authority here conferred. No newspaper would be safe from his interference whenever he might choose, for any reason whatever, to annoy and injure it. A violently partisan official, under this arbitrary authority, would never want for a pretext to harass journals of an opposite political faith. The House cannot afford to commit itself to an assault upon the freedom of the press by passing any such bill as this.

THE encroachments which have been made during the last few years on the Adirondack forests by rapacious land-grabbers have provoked very general expressions of regret, and the policy of the State in disposing of tracts to private parties and corporations has been justly condemned. In some instances the tracts so purchased are preserved in their native wildness, the timber being undisturbed, and the fact of private ownership is not so deplorable, since the sanitary benefits of the forests are not in any sense seriously affected. But it is, after all, desirable that these forests should be preserved distinctively as the property of the people, and it is gratifying to observe that the State Forestry Commission is at last disposed to exercise its authority in this direction. While sales of timber will be continued, no cutting of wood will be allowed within four hundred feet of any lake or water front, and no tree having a diameter of less than one foot will be cut at all. The money realized from timber sales will be used in the purchase of other forest lands, until the entire Adirondack region is, if possible, owned by the State. If this policy shall be adhered to, and no further sales of lands are made, we may hope that in time these great forests will be restored to the State in their integrity, outside of the two or three reservations to which it has surrendered its title by absolute sales.

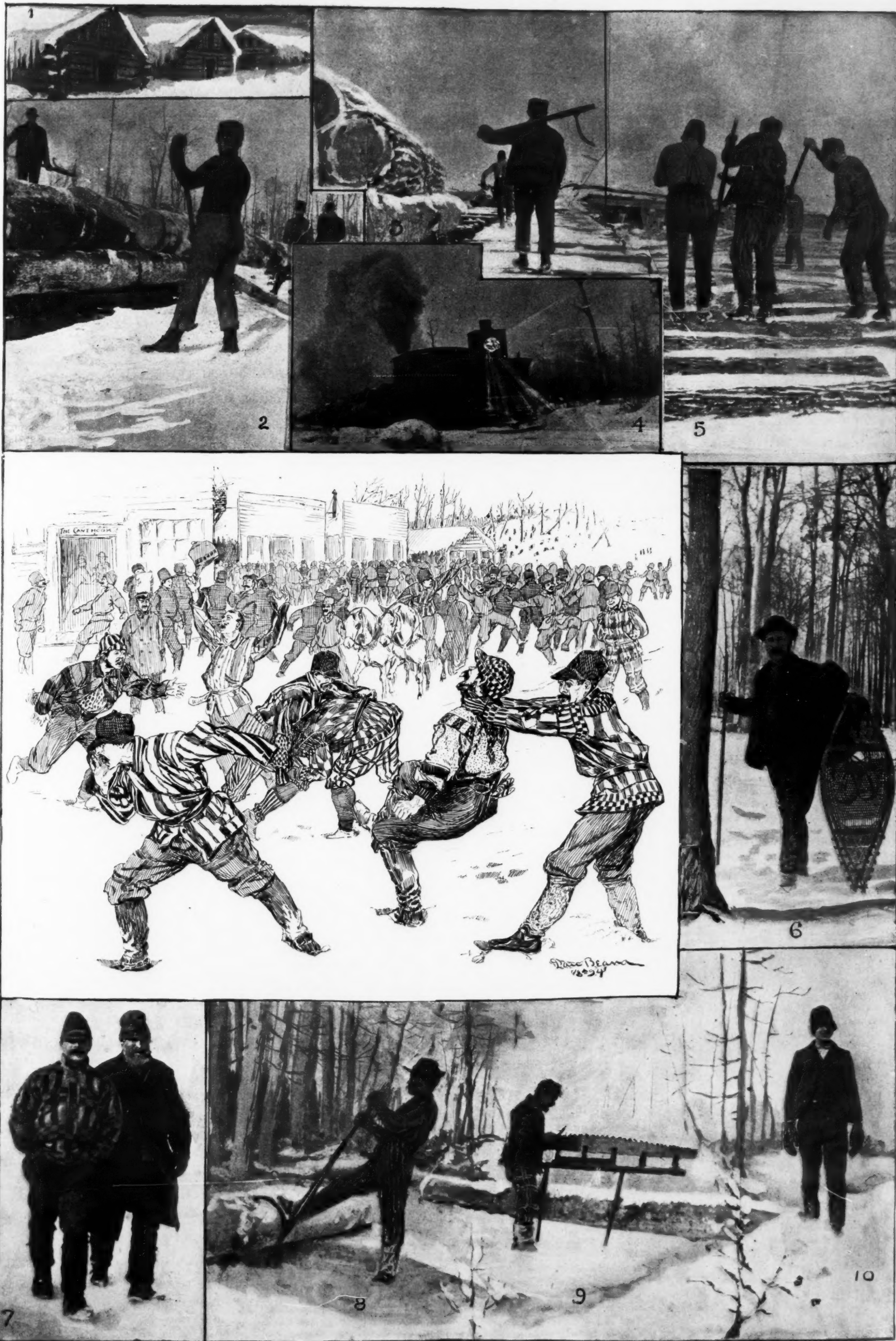


1. MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS. 2. MUSIC HALL. 3. AMERICAN BUILDING. 4. MACHINERY HALL. 5-6. ART BUILDINGS. 7. OLD ANTWERP.

THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL FAIR AT ANTWERP.—[SEE PAGE 159.]



LORD DUNRAVEN'S CUTTER "VALKYRIE" IN THE DRY-DOCK, BROOKLYN—PREPARING HER FOR THIS YEAR'S RACES.—PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. BOLLES.
[SEE PAGE 159.]



1. TYPICAL CAMP. 2. LOADING TRAIN. 3. TRAIN ON DUMPING-GROUND. 4. LAST TRAIN FROM CAMP. 5. "SLUCING." 6. A WELL-KNOWN "LANDLOOKER." 7. LUMBERMAN AND "MOSSBACKER." 8. "BULLDOG REGAN" USING CANT-HOOK. 9. MENDING A SAW. 10. CHORE-BOY OF A JOBBER'S CAMP. 11. THE REGULATION "SCRAP" IN A LUMBER TOWN.

SKETCHES IN A MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMP.—DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE WILSON FAILING

By EMMA A. OPPER.

WHEN Ellen Wilson went out to the barn to tell her father to come to supper she found him sitting on the edge of a bin, smoothing over his knee the piece of paper in which a neighbor had returned some borrowed axle-grease, and shaking with laughter.

The end of the day, which had been hazy and warm, was sharp, and the wrappings on the house-plants, as yet unhoused, showed that the nights were frosty, as did the burning red of the oak-sprouts along the road fences. The two maples in the door-yard had dropped their leaves in a broad yellow rug, which merged gently into the yellowish-green autumn grass.

"What's the matter now, pa?" said the girl; and she sat down beside him and laughed too, in a sympathizing, anticipatory way, with her under lip drawn back.

Her father wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, but could not get speech. The paper was an old scrap of an illustrated comic weekly.

"Look at that picture," he struggled forth. "There's a man, he's got his things to paint pictures—easel and things—and he's going through that lot and looking all around at the cows—they're standing still, and the trees and all; he's took off his hat and holding it out, and he's saying something—I hain't my glasses—saying something about nature in repose, something flowery. Wal, here in the next picture one of the creters has run for him, and he's run and jumped over the fence, and there that feller sets. His box of paint and his hat and one of his shoes, they're strung along on the other side—dropped 'em as he run—and there he sets, all daubed up with paint, and his collar's all twisted around and one leg of his easel's stuck right through his coat, and his camp-stool's got right on top of his head and the legs hanging down round his ears. And the cow stands there snorting and pawing, head down and tail a-swishing; and it says, 'The repose upset'—that's all it says, jest 'The repose upset.'"

Mr. Wilson turned his reddened, tear-wet face to his daughter. If the boisterous extravagance of the sketch appealed to him it did not lessen his delight; he sat shaking his head and laughing with slow, abysmal sounds.

The girl's quick and breathless laugh, characterized always by her drawn-in under lip, mingled with his. Her face, with its wide mouth, shrewd eyes, and tipped nose, marked her inheritance of her father's humorous susceptibility and proneness to laughter, with the feminine difference that she had not a humorous tongue. Joel Wilson was known for a settled wag.

His humor was wide rather than acute; he was too kindly-natured to be other than harmless in his banterings; and his love of diversion overtopped his pleasure in diverting. A subscription to the paper, a fragment of which he held, would have been a merciful boon to him; but he had never heard of it. The chastened half-columns of wit and humor in his weekly newspaper and his church publication were the limit of his resources.

He chuckled on as they went to the house. Ellen, in kitchen garb, had her hair carefully done up, and her father noted it.

"What's going on now?" he queried.

"Stell Blakely's party's to-night," she rejoined.

"Over on the river road? How you going? That great long spindle-shanks going to take you?" Her father's eyes twinkled.

She nodded, with her good-natured laugh, but her face grew so hot that it tingled. She could not bear the mention of Austin Brewster coolly.

Her mother had a guest at supper: Miss Nash, a dark little spinster who had taught in surrounding school-districts for twenty odd years, and by reason of her single state was an habituated table-visitor through a large region. She sat sipping her tea with critical deliberation, the effect of her extensive experience of tea-tables. But she aimed to be agreeable. She had brought news of a surprising marriage in the next town, that of a widow of forty to her hired man twenty years younger, and she was full of the subject, talking with sputtering vehemence in rigorous arraignment of the act.

"I come across this here jest now—" Mr. Wilson had begun twice, with the comic drawing in his hand and his mind eagerly running

on it, but had got no further; the talk of the women drowned him out. He sat in his tipped-back chair, when supper was over, and listened, with some idea slowly forming itself; the corners of his mouth twitched. Miss Nash sat primly by the kitchen stove, while Mrs. Wilson and Ellen cleared the table, talking still on the same theme. Her small, dark eyes shone and darted with her condemnatory excitement; she tapped the floor and shut her lips tight between sentences. Mr. Wilson brought his chair-legs down and hitched them, with a slow, inaudible chuckle. His characteristic mildness was lost in his enjoyment of the idea revolving itself. He looked at the little, old school-teacher.

"Wal, now, you hadn't ought to pass judgment, Miss Nash," he said. "Now, you take your own case; just about how young would a man have to be, anyhow, so as 't you wouldn't have him?"

Miss Nash stared at him for an incomprehending minute. But Ellen gave a faint, shrill titter in her stifling hand. Lacking that, the visitor might perhaps have taken the pleasantry in good part, but the dull color rose in her nubby cheeks and spread warmly to her hair. She gave an embarrassed, resenting laugh, and in a moment more got up and stepped to the sitting-room, where she had left her hat and shawl. Mr. Wilson did not see her; he sat wheezing in his chair, with closed eyes, from which the tears ran down.

His wife followed her. She was a large woman, with a calm and serious face. She said nothing as she helped her visitor in her preparations, but she followed her out at the door and, with her skirt drawn over her shoulders, stood with her in the cold dusk.

"I feel bad, Miss Nash," she said. "I feel bad to think Mr. Wilson should have done so. I don't know what made him; I feel sorry and ashamed enough! Wal, I say I don't know what made him; but he's always been so. He's always had that joking way, and always been a great hand to laugh and find things to laugh at. It's in him; his father was jest so. It hain't always suited me, Miss Nash; I've wished more than once he was different. Ellen, too. Ellen's jest the same way. When I've seen other girls acting kind o' calm and quiet, and Ellen carrying on and laughing so, I've felt mortified; it ain't how I'd like to see her. For a girl it seems kind o' rough and hawbuckin'. Why, I don't talk about it; I've never said a word to anybody—I wouldn't; but now that he's made you feel so—" said the kind woman, in her humility and sympathy. "It's their failing. I suppose we've all got 'em. I hope you ain't going to lay it up against Mr. Wilson, Miss Nash," she said, pressing the school-teacher's meagre arm; and the little old maid looked up at her with the end of her nose tingling in mollification.

Austin Brewster drove up to the gate an hour later, since Blakely's, on the river road, was four miles away.

Ellen was hurrying her simple dressing upstairs, but below there were the evidences of her anxious, conscious forethought. She had dusted the sitting-room and rearranged the books on the table, and placed the chairs carefully, and in submission to her obvious concern her father had temporarily refrained from his usual evening practice of taking off his boots by the fire. When the young man came, however, he was sitting with his stockinged feet on a chair.

"Cold out, ain't it?" he said, moving the chair and his legs to face the new-comer where he sat.

His wife had laid down her sewing and was looking worriedly from one to the other. Austin Brewster had not lived long in the neighborhood. He was very tall, with a long, sober face and a silent manner which commanded a certain general respect, though it was largely the result of diffidence. In Joel Wilson it always roused a spirit of rallying drollery; and his wife waited now in patient dread of developments. His venture with Miss Nash was fresh, and the mood which had possessed him then was unassuaged.

"Is your father feeling any better of his rheumatism?" she put in, preventively.

"Yes, he's some better," said the young man, returning her smile. He was more at ease with her than with Mr. Wilson; he would have said that he liked her better.

"Has he got out any yet?"

"Yes; he was out yesterday, tinkering up the cellar windows. I told him he'd better be careful."

"Why, yes; it was damp yesterday. I know enough about rheumatism to know how damp weather makes your joints creak. Last winter I had these knuckles swelled up so I couldn't get a glove on."

He gave her the vague attention which the young accord such matters. But Mr. Wilson shifted his legs, chuckling as he settled his glasses.

"Wal, I didn't know for certain as you'd get around here to-night," he said. "I heard you was going to take a job. You hain't heard what they was saying t'other day?"

"No," said the young man, unsmilingly. He flushed with apprehension. He had beneath his awkward constraint enough of an underlying self-regard to be offended at its injury.

"Wal, they was talking about the election flag-pole down to the store, and you was jest going by, and Jim Taylor said you'd make a first-class one jest as you was, if you wasn't on the wrong side of the question." He ended indistinctly and fell into cheerful, rumbling laughter.

The young man's face flamed and his jaw dropped; and Mrs. Wilson, generically akin to him, thrilled with sympathy. She got up hurriedly and went to the stair door and called Ellen. Her escort took up his hat and stood up. When she came down he was standing stiff and red-faced in the middle of the room. She thought that his abashment was due to her father's blue-socked feet, conspicuous on their chair, and with her instinctive laugh she grew red and got to the door quickly. Her father, looking on with deficient comprehension, gave a jocose, friendly-intentioned parting sally.

"I had the ceiling plastered jest lately," he said. "You might scooch down a little."

Ellen's attendant stalked out grimly.

There was silence for a time when the door had closed. Then Mr. Wilson, looking up guiltily, encountered his wife's eyes, and dropped his own and cleared his throat.

"I guess you're going to get everybody in town mad at you," she said, finally. Her temperateness was more daunting than tartness would have been. "I guess after a while there won't anybody come here."

But her chief concern lay deeper. She spoke again with an anxious quiver in her voice.

"If you've got Austin Brewster so mad at you he won't come here again I don't know what Ellen'll do," she said. "Joel, I don't. It's different from what it's been with anybody else she's ever gone around with; she feels different. If she can't get him I don't know what she'll do." In the privacy of her husband's ear her sharp, motherly intuition found full expression.

Mr. Wilson, sobered and silent, got up uneasily and opened the stove-hearth.

"I don't know as he wants her," said her mother. "I don't know as he's thought of marrying her, but I know how it is with Ellen. If he ain't thinking of having her, or if anything happens so to stop him, I know well enough now hard she'll take it; and if you've got him so riled up at you now that he'll stop coming here I shall blame you, Joel." "It ain't necessary," she went on, with a wife's relentlessness, "to make jokes all the time. If you see folks don't like it, why stop. They don't like it, and you can't blame 'em. Everybody ain't made like you. You'd ought to use some discretion."

Mr. Wilson looked up at the ceiling, making a chewing motion and sound.

"You don't take it to heart about Austin," his wife concluded. "Things slip off from you like water off a goose, and always did. But you hain't realized how Ellen—why, she thinks the world and all of him. Joel, you don't know. Maybe if you had you'd have done different, and maybe you wouldn't. I shouldn't wonder if it was too late now. You got him real mad."

The party at Stella Blakely's was already in full away when Austin Brewster and Ellen Wilson arrived at half-past eight o'clock. It had, indeed, advanced from the formal stage, when the girls had taken off their wraps in the lower and the young men in the upper bedroom and they had passed a strained fifteen minutes in the parlor—to the romping. With youthful indifference to the season they were playing Ruth and Jacob in the front yard. A lamp in the window sent out its light, and two roughly-hewn Jack-o'-lanterns, set sportively on the steps, filled the cold air with the pleasant smell of burning pumpkin.

Austin and Ellen, when his horse was hitched and they had been passed through the bedrooms, were drawn into the noisy, laughing and jabbering, swaying ring. Somebody called Ellen inside it, and when, after a rollicking period, it was her turn to choose her Jacob, she took

Austin. He stepped in, tall and stiff, and submitted to his blind-folding gravely.

But gravity was infeasible. He was assailed with chaff and jeerings as he groped about the ring in pursuance of the girl's voice in its guiding repetition of the name; he was given misleading hints and pushed roughly in wrong directions. Now and again he was near to her, and once he had touched her, but she darted away, red with running and gasping with laughter, and withal half frightened as she watched him helplessly straggling, so long and so fruitlessly that the fun rose high and wild. "She's right behind you!" "Here she is, I'll hold her." "W'y, just put out your hand!" He was bewildered and dizzy, and could no more identify the voices that badgered him, and had so lost his bearings that he could not remember how the yard looked. He heard her weakened voice at his elbow and clutched at her, and failing to touch her, pulled the band from his dazed eyes in desperation and sprang after her, amid hooting mirth. She broke through the ring and ran panting, and he followed. "Kiss her when you get her!" laughter-hoarsened voices shouted after him. He blundered through a flower-bed and on into the darkness, and caught her crouched against a fence, and, his face relaxing, pulled her up in his long arms and followed his instructions.

When they got home, at twelve o'clock, Mr. Wilson was sitting in waiting for them. He came to the door when he heard them, and down the steps, which were white with heavy frost. At noon there would be glowing warmth, but the night, clear as a bell, had a wintry sharpness; Austin's buggy-wheels creaked as he halted. He came up the path with Ellen, and Mr. Wilson met him on the bottom step.

"Come in, come right in!" he said. Austin stared. The sitting-room fire had gone out, and Mr. Wilson had pinned the table-cover around his neck; he had once or twice dozed, and his hair was rumpled and his eyes blinking. He drove the confounded young man in before him.

He had an object, planned in all seriousness and patiently waited for. He had laid out his newspaper on the bare table, and he sat down and took it up and fell into talk. His theme was the coming election, and he entered upon a mild political discussion, touching one point after another, and reading extracts. For once his ready humor failed him; in his compunctious anxiousness he saw no farcicality in his proceeding. He had a slowly-cautious manner; above all there was no trace of jocundity; and he paused presently and submitted a point to his hearer. He only stared, and moved nearer the door—he had not sat down; and before Mr. Wilson could prevent it he had, with an indistinct word, got himself out.

Ellen hurried close to her father and grasped his arm in an excited tremble; her involuntary breathless laugh was of open happiness.

"Pa," she gasped, "I'm going to marry him. Pa, he's asked me to!"

The next morning Mr. Wilson went poking in a covert way around the cellar and pantry till he had got together a basket of the best apples, and started up the street with them. He stopped and leaned on the Brewsters' fence and talked to Austin for a little, with that awkwardness of uncongeniality which could never be less; and then he went on, and took the apples to Miss Nash.

A Job for Hagenbeck.

A MAN in New York City has a band of beasts so wise That should they take to writing it would cause us small surprise. They sit about in solemn state, the whole tribe in a row, That quite suggests a spelling-class or forest minstrel show.

The lion drives a chariot, the reins between his teeth, Forgetting all the customs of his savage native heath, Behaving like a gentleman who's studied etiquette And feels that he's the leader of a very polished set.

The leopard, too, this man has trained so that if he were bid To change his spots, the deed would soon be been and gone and did.

The monkey's dropped the manners of his early forest days, And shows himself a creature wise in sundry different ways.

And so it goes through all the list—the tigers and the bears, The wolves and dogs and kittle-cats in fives and fours and pairs, Herr Hagenbeck's instructed till we cannot well deny They're almost quite as civilized as either you or I.

Which fills me full of hope for us who dwell in this fair place; The future holds much promise for Mahattanites in case The trainer of these animals, who's been so very brave,

Will take our tiger "Tammany" and teach him to behave, CARLYLE SMITH.

Antwerp in 1894— The Coming Fair.

THREE expositions are to be held in Europe in 1894, more or less international in their character. At Lyons will be held a great show of silks, velvets, ribbons, etc., and all the varied and beautiful products of the silkworm and the loom. At Madrid will be held an exhibition of Spanish arts and industries, some idea of which can be gained by a recollection of Spain's exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. At Antwerp, in Belgium, however, will be held the only really international exhibition of the year, and there are many reasons why it is likely to be of especial interest to Americans. Briefly stated these are as follows:

1. Antwerp is the great entrepot of the commerce of northwestern Europe, its tonnage being only second to Liverpool.
2. By reason of its extensive trade with every quarter of the globe, American exhibitors will reach the widest possible market, including not only Europe, but Asia, Africa, and South America.
3. Antwerp is a neutral port, guaranteed by the Powers, and safe against blockade in case of foreign war.
4. As an exhibit of European art and manufactures the Antwerp exhibition is likely to be more complete than one held at any of the great European capitals, being unaffected by the jealousies of the military Powers.
5. On account of the prestige of the Chicago Fair, American exhibits will attract an unusually large share of attention.
6. There is to be an American building for the first time at a foreign exposition, and a larger number of American exhibits than ever shown before abroad.
7. In view of the preparations for war actively going on all over Europe, there is much uncertainty as to when there will be another opportunity for an international exposition in Europe.
8. For these reasons the Antwerp exposition offers especial opportunities for an extension of American trade; a consummation devoutly to be wished by all true patriots, manufacturers, business men, and workmen.

The grounds of the Antwerp exposition are within the city walls, and occupy the site of the historic Citadel du Sud, built by Alva, destroyed by the citizens, and rebuilt by Parma. In the background is seen the river Scheldt and the new docks. At the left is the city railway-station and the main hall of industry, to the left of which are the Algerian and Russian villages and Cairo street, and fronting the easterly wing the military exhibit and the Turkish village. The main entrance is at the end of the Avenue du Sud, opposite the entrance of the main building. Adjoining the west end of this building is the marine exhibit, and in front of that the festival hall and the electricity building. Directly opposite this, and at the head of the open park, stands the American building, to the east of which, in the foreground, is old Antwerp, representing the city as it appeared in the sixteenth century. Crossing a street by a bridge near the American building, one finds the museum and art gallery on the right, and machinery hall on the left; and crossing another street in the same manner, one comes upon the captive balloon, aquatic exhibit, and the American Indian village.

Antwerp is a city noted for centuries for its extensive trade. In the Middle Ages, to go no further, it had an extensive trade with the East, carried on by a roundabout route through the Baltic, the Volga, and the Black Sea, to escape the pirates of the Mediterranean. When the discovery of America and the Cape of Good Hope revolutionized commerce, Genoa and Venice declined, and the Hanseatic League also fell into decay. Then it was that "Antwerp stretched forth her hand to the sea and caught the golden prize." She rose to be the first commercial city in Europe—the first in the world.

In her great fairs, held twice a year, gathered merchants from all parts of Europe. No fewer than five hundred ships entered the port in a day, and as many loaded wagons entered the gates. Through these fairs five hundred million guilders were put in circulation every year, and the city became known as "Dives Antwerpia," or Wealthy Antwerp.

But there came a time when, like Tyre, her riches and her fairs, her merchandise, her mariners, her pilots and calkers, and the occupiers of her merchandise, and all her men-of-war and all the company that was within her walls, fell, as it were, into the midst of the sea in ruin and desolation. The Spanish war left the proud city a scene of ruin and desolation. Her population was reduced from two hundred thousand to less than forty thousand, and these consisted, instead

of busy artisans and merchant princes, of monks, robbers, and beggars.

Finally the wars of Napoleon lifted the ancient city from her prostrate condition. The Scheldt was again opened to commerce, new warehouses and docks were built, and the city was destined to be once more a great commercial and naval centre. War and siege, however, desolated the country once more before the treaty of 1839 made the freedom of Antwerp recognized by the great Powers.

Antwerp is the home of art as well as of trade. Rubens was of an old Antwerp family and lived and died there, enriching its churches and galleries with many of his masterpieces. Van Dyck, the two Teniers, Jordaens, Frans Floris, and Quentin Matsys, the father of the Flemish school of art, were her townsmen.

The Maison Hanseatique, recently burned, was the ancient warehouse of the Hanseatic traders. The cathedral, whose fretted tower is lifted four hundred feet in air, has been made familiar to us by Flemish painters and French etchers, while the Church of St. Jacques is visited by all tourists for its beautiful altarpiece by Rubens. There is, however, another shrine, visited by all scholars and printers, of greater interest than any other. This is the Plantin Museum, the old printing-house of Christopher Plantin, where the great polyglot Bible of Philip II. was printed, and many scholarly works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is a complete, and the only complete printing-house of that age, containing, beside the whole mechanical plant, a splendid collection of paintings, manuscripts, library, etc.

It may interest the American merchant or manufacturer to know that American trade with Antwerp has increased from ten million dollars in 1870 to nearly sixty million dollars in 1892, and that our export of manufactures thither now equals in value our total exports of twenty-five years ago. For every dollar's worth of goods we take from Belgium we send her five dollars' worth of our own products, and these by exchange are sent to every quarter of Europe and even back across the ocean to South America. The trade of the Spanish-American republics with Antwerp is rapidly increasing, and our own trade with that city furnishes an opportunity of extending our commerce with the growing republics south of the equator.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

"Sowing the Wind."

THIS has not been a season prolific of plays that are worthy of the thoughtful attention of the play-going public or of the reviewer. You could start in to count them upon the fingers of one hand and you would surely have several digits left over for succeeding uses. It is unfortunately true that the stage is passing through a degenerate period of its existence. This is so, for several reasons, more particularly because the age we live in is meretricious, sordid, and vulgar; the real question of art *per se* in the drama is sacrificed to the critic at the "box-office," who nowadays is the sole arbiter of the fate of plays. Then, again, the speculative fakir who calls himself a manager, and is too often merely a janitor, has crept into the control of too many of our New York theatres, and by his ignorance of the real possibilities of the stage, shuts out from the public many beautiful plays, which would surely see the light of day were the powers that be men of taste, culture, and discrimination. Take a good play to a manager, one that is full of thought and purpose as well as action, well made from the technical standpoint, and unless it possesses some catch-penny feature he will tell you, "I do not run an educational bureau." He will also tell you, "Write down to the level of the public!" The dear public has its faults, and too often runs after false gods, but there is a clientele for fine plays—one willing to pay for its tickets, too—who now avoid the theatre because the playwright is compelled to "write down"—not to the level of the public—but to the level of his manager.

"Sowing the Wind," now running at the Empire Theatre, is a play precisely representative of this class. While it is well presented and acted, its influence upon emotional and unbalanced natures cannot be otherwise than pernicious. It appeals to a vitiated taste. Assuming to enforce a moral lesson, its pictures of vice and animalism, or rather of their consequences, embody suggestions which, except with the blasé man of the world, tend directly to evil. The stage can never be elevated or made the ally of virtue and sound morals, as it ought to be, so long as plays of this class find favor with the public. It is with the people themselves that the correction of the evils and abuses of the theatre primarily rests.

Preparing the "Valkyrie."

THE preparation of the *Valkyrie* for further conclusions in the spring now begins, and there is fair promise of a series of races with the American 85-footers to still further test the merits of all the boats.

That Lord Dunraven expects to develop greater speed in the *Valkyrie* is plainly evident, and to that end he will spare no expense and care. His plans, so far as now known, are to refit her entirely, giving her a mast three feet longer than the former one, with a much larger sail area, rigging her lighter, after the manner of the American boats, and putting her hull in the best possible condition. To that end she has been hauled out on the dry dock, where she will remain for the next three months, to dry out and thoroughly season during these changes.

The season is yet too early for any definite plans to have become public as to which of our boats will meet *Valkyrie*, but the change in *Volunteer* to her former rig, which has recently been made, leaves no doubt that she will be tried the coming season, while the fact that Captain Hank Haff has re-engaged with General Paine points very strongly to the appearance of *Jubilee* in good form should occasion offer.

That *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, or *Navahoe* will be raced with her is not now known. When the season's plans take definite shape it will be time to look for signs from their direction.

This much is certain—Lord Dunraven desires to try another season's racing in American waters, and profit thereby if possible, and he can rely upon American yachtsmen to meet him in a thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit as often as he may wish.

CHARLES E. BOLLES.



Yachting Notes.

THE yachts which last fall competed for the America's Cup are now in winter quarters, and there is a good deal of speculation as to their future. Various correspondents who have asked us for information will find our replies herewith:

J. F. G., London, England.—I cannot say with certainty whether *Colonia* is for sale or not. There was a report that she would be put up at auction. But as Lord Dunraven has decided to leave the *Valkyrie* in this country through the winter, and race her here next summer, it is probable that *Colonia* will be retained by her present owners. The temptation to see how many American yachts can beat the *Valkyrie* is very strong. You had better write to Commodore Morgan, N. Y. Y. C. The *Colonia* is a splendid boat. In the first trial race, which *Colonia* won, it seemed to me that she would have done much better if her canvas had set as well as *Vigilant's*. She was a favorite with Englishmen from the first, partly because she was a thorough yacht, and partly because of the courtesy shown in her name, which suggested that the old colonial days were pleasantly remembered.

E. R., Toronto, Canada.—Of course owners keep these things quiet if they can; but, so far as I can learn, the *Pilgrim* was an utter failure. The captain of the schooner-yacht *Fortuna*, of Boston, told me that in her last trial race, *Pilgrim* was in a bad way. He said that in the enormous strain which the bulb-keel put on her while she was being shoved in the seaway, the pressure on the plates cut the heads of the rivets off, and that the rivets actually fell out of her. He said that when she was hopelessly beaten, and when they could not tell how much more she might split up in the seaway, one of the syndicate on board told the helmsman to try and hit a sea hard enough to carry the bowsprit out, so that they might have good excuse to

retire from the race. And try he did, but the horn refused to sacrifice itself to save the honor of Boston, and *Pilgrim* had to face the truth. My informant was positive of the truth of the above; but, personally, I do not, of course, guarantee the correctness of the stories assured to him.

Juvenis, St. Augustine.—You ask a rather large question: "What was the matter with the *Jubilee*?" I cannot reply "She's—all—right!" She wasn't. But if you want my private opinion I may tell you in confidence (if you promise not to mention it to General Paine) that she has too much breakage on her bottom. You know she has two fin-keels and a small centre-board forward, together with a second centre-board which slides down through her central fin-keel. Thus you will see that she splits the water first at the forward board, then at the central fin, and once again with the after fin—three times instead of once. It is true that these fins are narrow, but when you consider the force required to shove a one-inch plank edgewise through the water you will see that the extra drag occasioned by splitting the water three times instead of once will account for the small difference between her and *Vigilant*. Even as it is, the *Jubilee* is a phenomenally fast machine. If General Paine will simply fill in the intervening spaces between the three keels and make all three one piece, the *Jubilee* will only split the water once, but will split *Vigilant* often. General Paine is right in his idea. The bulb-fin-keel is bound to beat the wholesome yacht when the proper adjustment of bulb and fin is discovered. This machine has all the initial stability and beam-power of the old-fashioned skimming-dish combined with the whole of the power of the deep-keel yacht—enjoying, besides this, a lesser displacement of water than any craft afloat. This triple alliance of benefits must eventually win after experiments have proceeded. *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* have beautiful models for speed, and if the requisite changes are made during the winter it is quite on the cards that they will both prove surprise-parties in the spring.

STINSON JARVIS.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Edward Douglass White.

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE.

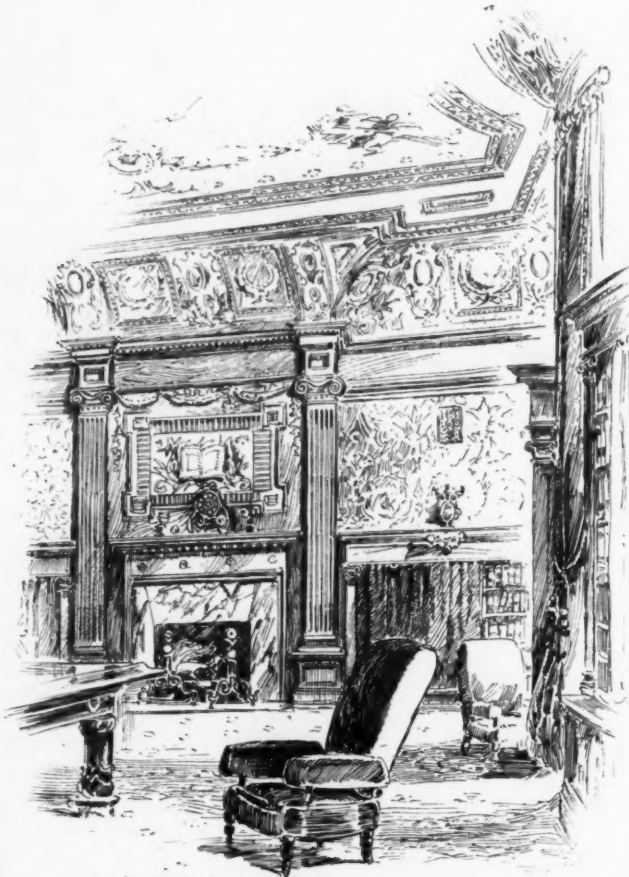


EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

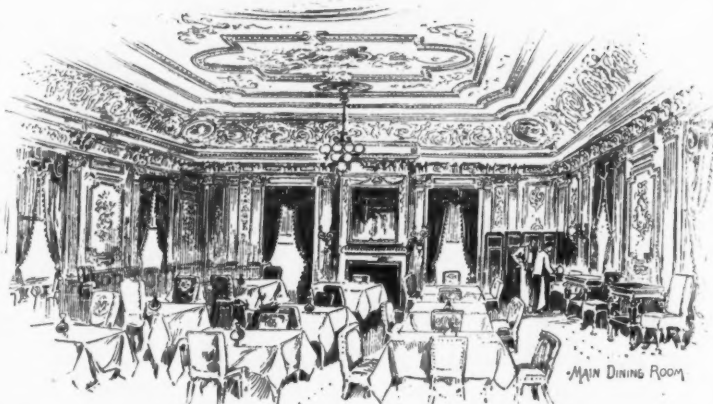
Photograph by C. M. Bell.

INSTINCTIVE self-dependence and self-reliance, too dignified to savor of mere egotism, are prominent in this face. The mind is rapid, keen, and intuitively spontaneous; its opinions are formed in a

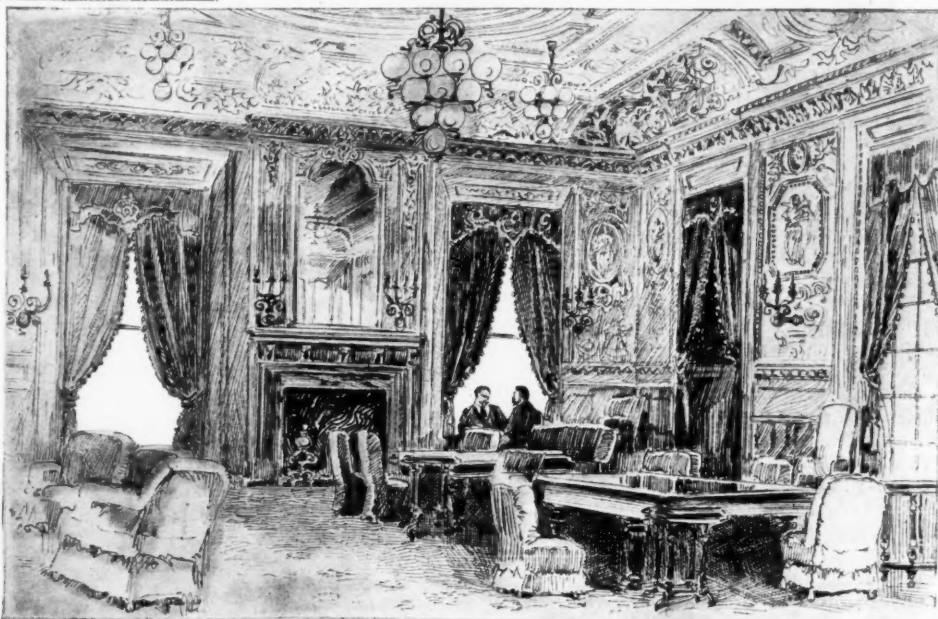
flash, are the result of a mentality which is perpetually alert and concentrated, are dispassionate because of the calm poise of the more material side of the nature, and, once accepted as level with the standard established by self-criticism, are held with rigid persistence which is too intellectual in form to be termed obstinacy, while reverence and a touch of idealism are so far developed as to strongly indicate intentional probity. Above the eyes calculation is visible in that form which weighs, balances, and deliberately concludes with the precision almost of a mathematician, and with it is just so much of an added touch of artistic appreciation, sense of form, as insure good taste and refined judgment. The material nature, as expressed by the lower face, is strong, firm, and self-contained. The mouth is expressive of control and generally unimpulsive tendencies, but in the corners lurks a touch of humorous appreciation. By the mouth and the chin is indicated an iron will, of which the greatest strength is in its repose, and which is seldom moved to aggression, and then only upon deliberate reason and by intention.



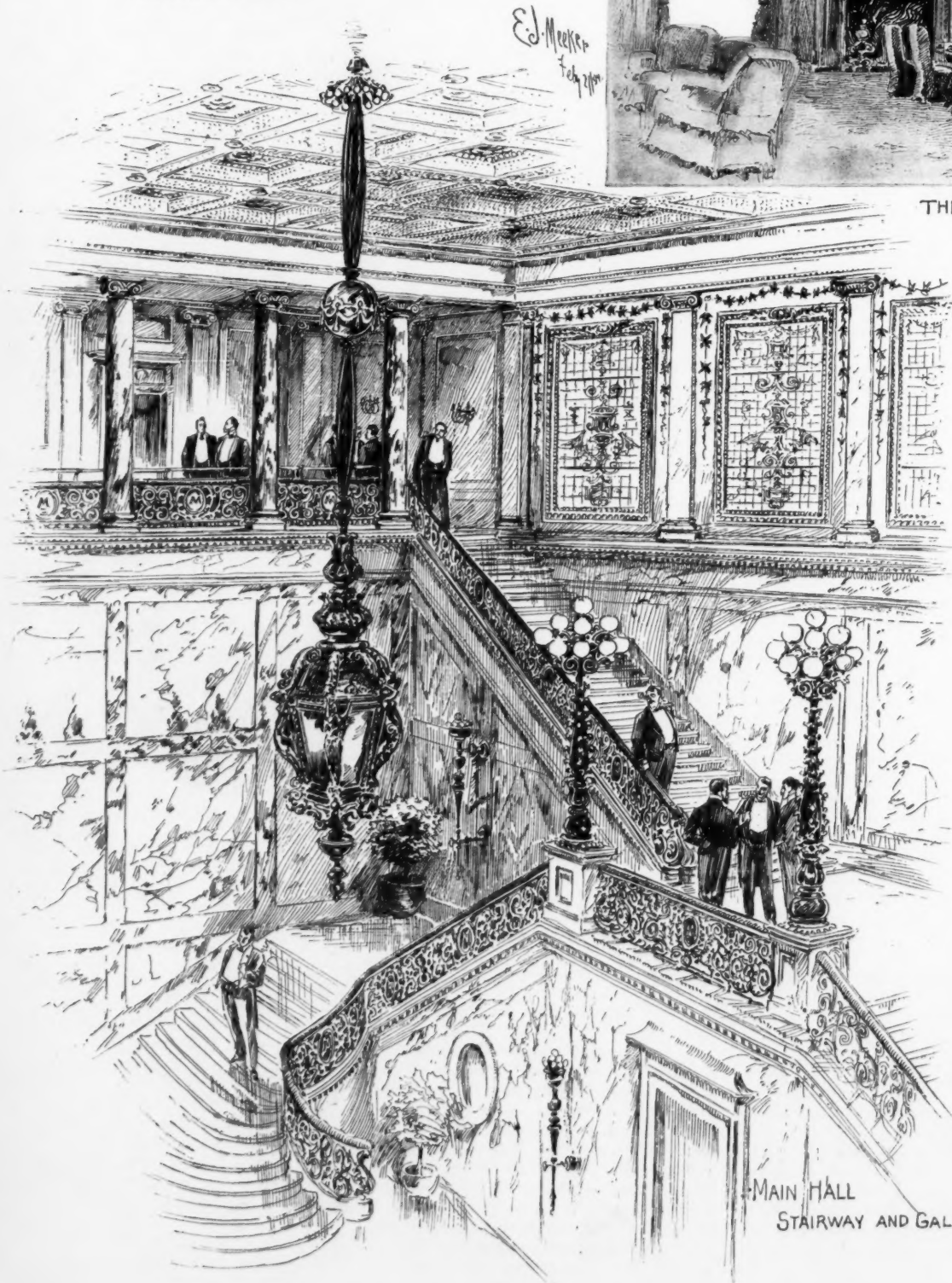
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Beach from the Casino



THE CASINO.



CAMP COOKERY.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON, LL.D., PH. D.



EDWARD ATKINSON.

It has never been my good fortune to take to the woods for any length of time; my early education in the matter of trout-fishing was very much neglected. I once had a gun put into my hands and I murdered a bobolink; since then I have never been able to shoot, as my conscience was troubled by that case of avicide. Yet I have very great sympathy with the fisherman, the sportsman, the explorer, the surveyor, and the engineer. Could I live my life over I would train myself in these pursuits.

One reads with interest the accounts of camp cookery, and the crude but ingenious methods by which it is accomplished. One may observe the partial attainment of the true secret of cooking in the adobe, mud, or turf ovens, and in pits dug in which stones are heated on which beans are placed and covered up for the night, and many other devices aside from merely exposing food to hot fires. Yet, although so many have nearly approached the true art and secret of cooking, it has apparently remained for a dufer who could claim no previous training either in science or in practice to find out a better way. Not long since I happened to think that as water can be kept in a pail when it is held by the bail right end up, so heat may be kept in a pail when it is put wrong end up, over a hole in an iron table, through which the heat may pass from the top of a lamp chimney. *Box up heat and then you can convert it into work.* Stop radiation, or the diffusion of the heat waves, and then a very little fuel will suffice.

In the Aladdin oven, invented by myself, which might work a complete revolution in the domestic kitchen if the *inertia* of women could be overcome, the heat derived from the top of the chimney of a lamp or of a gas-burner is boxed up within an outer oven, of which the wall is made of vulcanized wood pulp (commonly called "indurated fibre"), which is a very effective non-heat-conductor. Within this outer box, an inch smaller on all sides, is an inner oven, the wall of which is made of sheet iron, in which inner receptacle the food is placed when it is to be subjected to the process of cooking. As the heat cannot escape from the outer box it is concentrated or accumulated in the inner one. The temperature is a little greater at the point where the heat strikes directly upon the bottom of the inner oven, but there is not a very great difference. It circulates in the inter-space, and is apparently radiated from all sides of the inner oven toward the centre.

When called upon to make an oven for the use of surgeons in sterilizing surgical instruments, I made the inner oven of copper, the bottom being of double plates with an air space between. By this device I enabled the surgeons to maintain three hundred degrees of heat Fahrenheit in all parts of the oven, with scarcely any variation for any length of time. That was the objective point. At that degree of temperature the sterilizing is assured, the temper of the steel is not impaired and the handles are not injured.

Now the art of cooking depends upon the ability of the cook to control a measured degree of heat for a given length of time, and this control is complete in the use of the Aladdin oven. Given a certain size of box and lamp, and the potential can be determined for all practical purposes.

A contributor to *Science* of September 15th, over the signature R. A. F., on the subject of electric cooking, makes a computation of the relative cost of coal and of electricity, which is apparently based on very accurate observations. First referring to experiments of Professor Tyndal, who put the efficiency of a stove in cooking and heating water for household use, including baths, at six per cent. of the potential of the coal, this observer gives his average at 64.8-10 per cent. radiated in the room, thirty-one per cent. carried up the chimney or lost by incomplete combustion, 3.8-10 per cent. applied to heating water for various purposes, leaving the effective proportion applied to the actual

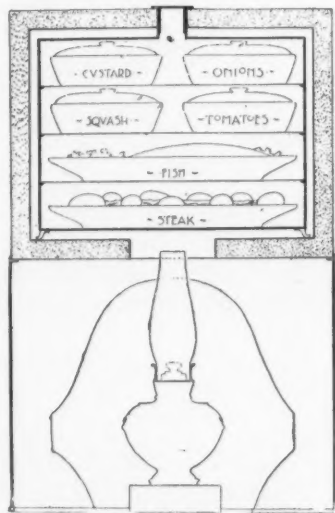
process of cooking (4-10) four-tenths of one per cent. The quantity of coal was computed at thirty pounds a day, of which .04 pounds of less than two ounces did the actual work of cooking. I have no means of making any exact comparison with these figures, and can only make a very general statement. The heat derived from the top of the chimney of a central-duct lamp carrying a wick one and one half inches in diameter, burning a little over one quart of one hundred and fifty degrees kerosene oil in nine hours—about two pounds of oil—will cook three charges in the Aladdin oven of twelve to twenty pounds each—say twelve pounds of bread, twenty pounds of soup stock or meat and vegetable stew, and one charge of roast meat, vegetables and puddings of fifteen pounds—about forty-seven pounds in all. Of course the greater part of the heat generated is radiated from the sides of the chimney and is not carried into the oven.

The heat radiated from an iron stove is not all lost in winter, but a room and bath-water can be warmed at much less cost from a small heater than from a cooking-stove, and in summer the heat from the stove is worse than wasted.

Hot water is not required for washing dishes—a tablespoonful of kerosene oil put into a pan of cold or tepid water does the work more quickly and effectually. If a pan of water is put on the top of an Aladdin oven when it is in use it will be warmed sufficiently for such purpose. Kerosene oil, as is well known, has a great affinity for grease, and if a small quantity is used the smell is scarcely apparent, and it disappears as soon as the emulsion is made. Mineral oil is, of course, a much cleaner substance than the materials of which our common soaps are made, and it is also an antiseptic.

Heat cannot be controlled and measured in the iron stove or range with any approach to exact conditions. Hence it follows that almost all the instructions in the ordinary cookery books bear upon the methods of avoiding the faults of iron stoves. It is also practically impossible to control the degree of temperature when the heat is derived from anthracite or bituminous coal, because the draught required to assure combustion varies with quantity, quality, and skill in putting on the fuel.

The diagram of the Aladdin oven may be of interest to those who have not seen it.*



THE ALADDIN OVEN.

One Aladdin oven was made for the use of a camping party of six men. A complete set of tin plates, mugs, cooking utensils, lamp and fittings, knives, forks, and spoons was packed in the oven, the oven then placed in the metal table on which, when reversed, it was used, and the whole kit was then packed in a leather-strapped oak chest. The parcel weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, and according to my recollection cost not over fifty dollars. It was fully justified in a long winter's use in the woods north of Lake Superior.

I have dealt with this subject in this way merely to lead up to the latest device. It is not possible to carry heavy ovens or kerosene

* I am only an experimenter, but I was obliged to patent this oven so that when it should be justified by experience as it has been, some regular stove manufacturer might take it up as a regular matter of business.

oil on all exploring or surveying expeditions; but on very many and in all tolerably permanent engineering camps kerosene oil may be obtained: whenever it can be a complete cooking apparatus can be improvised at almost a moment's notice. A bucket, a box, or a section of a barrel may be converted into an oven provided a sheet of metal is at hand to serve as the top of the table on which the oven is to be supported. I have never tried, but I think it would not be difficult to improvise a different kind of table, made of slates or flat stones, where the sheet of metal cannot be obtained.

I will first give a diagram of the bucket oven† and describe its use.

This latest and most simple method of converting heat into the work of cooking only occurred to me a few weeks since. In the interval I have tried various experiments—some very crude, some of a tolerably scientific character—all completely successful. Of these I will give a few examples.

My simplest device consists of an iron-topped table, with a hole in the middle of the top two and one-half inches in diameter, over which I reverse an empty flour-barrel. Under this flour-barrel I have imitated a clam-bake by putting alternate layers of sea-weed and clams in a closed jar of large capacity, the quantity of clams being one peck. Around the hole on the table I placed four pieces of broken tile, on which I set a brick; upon the brick I placed the jar; over the jar I reversed the flour-barrel. I made use of a central-duct lamp of the ordinary type at full height, cooking the clams one hour. They were a little overbaked.

The next use of this crude device consisted in placing a Beech-nut ham in a large tin bucket, packed with meadow hay and sweet herbs, and moistened with a bottle of cider, the tin bucket itself being covered. This bucket was placed on a brick, and over it the inverted flour-barrel was placed. The heat was derived from a flat-wick lamp, wick one inch wide, applied for eight hours. The result was absolute perfection in cooking the ham.

My next experiments were with stable-buckets of five gallons capacity. In order to avoid any possible danger of carbonizing the bucket by continuous work I had a tin bucket made, loosely fitting within the stable-bucket. In order to prevent the heat being greater at the floor than at the top of the oven, a point which was developed in the first experiments, I caused a tin tube to be made, closed at the top by a plate (as will be seen in the diagram), with openings underneath the plate; this is placed over the hole in the table.

Around this tube I placed jars made of salt-glazed earthenware, like those in which the English Stilton cheese is packed. These jars do not crackle under a baking heat. Each contained one and one-half pounds of meats or of grains and water. Upon the top of the tube, on the plate, a large dish is placed for simmering or stewing food; or a pan with a grill in it for broiling or roasting, either of which processes may be conducted surely and with excellent results.

With this apparatus I have cooked ten pounds of various kinds of food at one time, sometimes using a lamp of a higher power for quick work, sometimes using a lamp of very low power for slow night work. By the latter slow process, at a temperature of about two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, New England brown bread, baked beans and pandowdy can be turned out with the same assurance of appetizing conditions that are familiar to those who are old enough to remember the use of the household brick oven heated with wood. The tougher parts of animals, like the beef's heart, can be made as ten-

† There are no patents on this kind of apparatus. I hope many persons may experiment on these lines and aid in perfecting it.

der as tenderloin in the same way. The more convenient form than the pail is an oblong cooking-box. One which is in constant use in my house has an inside measurement of fourteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and about thirteen inches high. It is made of slabs of carbonate of magnesia—perhaps the best non-heat-conductor that there is in use of an incombustible kind—one and one-half inches thick, covered with canvas on the outside, with handles of canvas at each end for readily placing it on and taking it off from the table. This is furnished with a tube and plate like the bucket. On the table or floor of the oven can be placed ordinary vegetable dishes or pans, in which meats and fowls may be roasted, and upon the upper shelf on the top of the tube may be placed those kinds of food that require a higher measure of heat; or, on a grill, steaks, chops and birds may be broiled.

I have not yet tried frying by immersion, which requires the heat of the fat to be raised to three hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, but as I have raised the heat in the empty box reversed over a powerful burner to five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, I see no reason why frying may not be added to roasting, baking, stewing, broiling, and sautéing. In fact, I think that all processes of cooking can be compassed under this box if due care is used in keeping the lamp in order and free from smoke. Bread cooked at a uniform degree of heat will be thoroughly baked without being hardened or dried even to the point of working a partial conversion of nearly the whole loaf into the condition of crust; or, chemically speaking, by the partial conversion of all the starch into dextrin.

I can readily conceive that even in a camp where no kerosene oil is obtainable this conception of boxing up heat may be applied by making a table with a metal top, without any hole in it, placing a layer of clay on such a table under the edge of the half-barrel, so that it may not be carbonized by immediate contact with the heated iron, then reversing the half-barrel over the table and building a fire underneath, the whole secret being in stopping the rapid distribution or radiation of heat by interposing a non-conducting medium, of which white pine is the best. I think that wooden packing-boxes, lined with tin or plastered on the inside with lime mortar, may be safely used, either on an earth floor or upon a brick hearth. The wood might be subject to a very slow carbonization, corresponding to that caused by the long contact of wood with steam-heating pipes, but would not, I think, be subject to ignition at any degree of temperature generated by a lamp that would suffice for cooking. Although pine or other wood may be slowly carbonized at a much lower temperature, I think that the ignition of white pine does not take place below six hundred or seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while the temperature required for the best cooking would rarely exceed two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the slow work of rendering tough meats tender by substituting time for intensity requiring about two hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

One of the greatest merits in the application of a low temperature for a considerable degree of time is in cooking game. Ducks treated in this way may be put upon the table, either at a rose red from the skin to the breast bone, or more fully cooked, without the loss of juice or flavor; not, as in the common quick method, scorched on the outside and almost raw within.

A saddle of venison weighing thirty-three pounds, which I once served to a scientific club from a large Aladdin oven, was pronounced to be the most perfect example of venison that had ever been tasted by those who partook.

When one takes up the conversion of food material into appetizing and nutritious food, it seems as if science had stopped outside the door of the domestic kitchen and at the gateway of the camp.

Since the time of Count Rumford, over a century ago, no great or eminent name is identified with the prosaic art of common cookery.

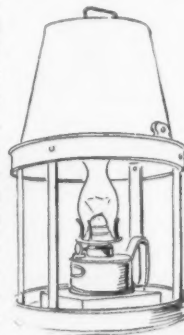
Cookery has been dealt with somewhat after the manner of architecture—as a fine art, rather than as a useful one. Where the scientist fails to enter in, perhaps the dufer may not fear to tread; or, at least, to show the way.

Nine-tenths of the people of this country spend one-half their income, or even more, in the purchase of food material.

I compute the food and drink bill of this country at not less than six billion dollars a year (\$6,000,000,000)—four-fifths for food, one-fifth for drink.

The waste of food by bad cooking and the injury done by the disease ensuing, I believe to be greater than the harm that comes from intemperate drinking, to which it is a potent incentive.

The loss to the community is a thousand to



THE ATKINSON BUCKET, CLOSED.

fifteen hundred million dollars a year, but as our population is now approximating sixty-seven millions, that huge sum comes to only fifteen dollars to twenty-three dollars a year, or four to six cents a day, to each person.

I therefore present the most important problem now before the people of this country, namely, how to convert the present waste of energy in bad cooking and bad feeding, computed at not less than one billion dollars a year (\$1,000,000,000), into more adequate clothing and more ample housing or shelter for the great mass of the people.

We have partly learned how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but as all grass is grain or flesh, we shall not complete the work until we have also learned how to make one pound of meat or bread serve in wholesome nutrition where two pounds are now wasted under the most noxious conditions.

The New England Kitchen.

THE New England Kitchen is a well-known Boston establishment where good food is served to customers at remarkably cheap prices. The kitchen is situated on Pleasant Street, which is not one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the city, although it is frequented by a great many people during every twenty-four hours. The scheme is under the immediate patronage of Mrs. Richards, whose husband is a professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a well-known man in educational circles. Besides the kitchen itself there are four other subsidiary departments. Nearly opposite is a bakery where bread and similar foods are prepared, and three eating places are situated on Boylston, Bedford and Pearl streets, respectively. These are all busy portions of the city, and hundreds of people are regular customers. The Boylston Street branch is patronized at noon chiefly by students of the Institute of Technology.

The kitchen is neat, although not especially attractive. The cooking and preparation of the food are carried on in plain sight of the patrons of the house, who have only to complain if they are not satisfied with what they see. Not only poor but also well-to-do people are regular customers, and the reputation of the place is steadily advancing. It is in no sense a work of charity, for since the first few weeks of an existence which has lasted for more than four years it has been self-supporting. No attempt is made to make a profit. That is not desired.

A card on which is a list of prices is posted in plain sight of every one who enters. A glance at this list will convince any one that the prices are not exorbitant. For instance, beef broth for invalids costs eighteen cents a quart, fish or clam chowder sixteen cents, and the other soups from twelve to ten cents a quart. Of course one need not buy a quart; he may content himself with a pint, or even one-half that quantity, and the price is proportionately less. Fish-balls are twenty cents a dozen, bread five cents a loaf, fish-hash ten cents a pound, and pressed beef sixteen cents a pound. The card contains only foods similar to those mentioned. There are no luxuries. But there is variety enough to satisfy almost any one who is not particularly hard to please, and the women in attendance try their best to make their customers feel that they have been well treated.

An All-the-year-round Resort.

ATLANTIC CITY is at once the most cosmopolitan and most extensive summer resort in this country. With its permanent population of fifteen thousand, more or less (we are not going into statistics), it is increased on some exceptionally fine days in the summer to the enormous number of one hundred and fifty thousand, of which it is said ten thousand may be seen in the surf at one time. This may seem startling to those who have never visited that city by the sea, but a trip on the crowded board walk, or a dip in the surf—providing you find room—on a fine Sunday in August will remove any doubt as to the truth of these assertions.

But it is not with the summer season, but the unique position of Atlantic City as an all-the-year-round resort, that we have to do. We know of no other place in this or any other country that enjoys such a peculiar distinction, and it is only within the last decade that its peculiar advantages have been made apparent.

About fifteen years ago a Philadelphia newspaper man started out to write a "special article" on "What Society is Doing in Lent." After half-a-day's wandering about town he returned to the office and said: "I shall have to go to Atlantic City." "Eh?" said his superior, "I thought you were doing 'Society in

Lent.'" "I am," replied the scribe, "and so society is doing Atlantic City in Lent." For the following Sunday he turned out three columns of minute detail of the doings of every one worth knowing, including not only Philadelphians, but largely also the élite of New York and Washington. Since then no complete newspaper of the Eastern States has failed to work in season the lead which this young gentleman discovered in his half-day of looking for "society people," and finding that each and all "had gone to Atlantic City." Faces that are familiar on Fifth Avenue and Chestnut Street can be seen here in great numbers.

It is a fact not generally known that one may board a "Pennsylvania" train at Jersey City, and in three hours and a half be landed without change at this famous watering-place. At this season he will find the station at Atlantic City thronged with hacks and omnibuses, and the life and animation generally characterizing ordinary places of resort only in midsummer.

To accommodate and amuse the vast numbers of those who visit Atlantic City at this season a great many improvements have been inaugurated. It has hotels where the rich may find luxuries and pay bills which will remind them of Broadway or Fifth Avenue, and it has boarding-houses where the young professional or business man may provide for his little family at not a dollar per week increase over the city cost. And at the home price the sojourner gets more than the home comforts added to his sea bath and his sun bath. The leading feature is probably that of Brighton Casino. Here the winter visitors enjoy every luxury and make themselves merry or comfortable as they desire. The Hungarian orchestra plays throughout the season, from February until late in the fall. Concerts and dances are in vogue day and evening. A pool of hot water for midwinter sea-bathing, sun parlors, billiards, bowling, and other attractions go to make up the programme of this establishment. And thus "society" escapes the rigors of the Lenten season and does penance by the sad sea waves.

The Gulf Stream has been blamed for a great many crimes, but it is to be said to its credit that it has contributed largely to make Atlantic City what it is. It is said to come within sixty miles of the coast at this point, and to this fact is to be attributed the even, balmy, soft atmosphere with which that resort is favored during the winter months. A brisk tramp on the board walk in the bracing ozone at this season will convince any one of its health-giving qualities. Doctors have given testimony by the yard, and statistics have been called in to sustain and enforce these dry facts, but the eagerness of one's appetite is the silent monitor that carries conviction. F. B. S.

Michigan Lumber Camps.

THE terrible socialism of the *fin de siècle* is fast driving all individuality and picturesqueness off the face of the earth. It will not be long before one can travel around the globe and never lose sight of the hideous and monotonous derby hat and sack coat of the so-called civilized man.

In 1876 I was charmed with the gay costumes and red sashes of the lumber-men in Michigan. Their dress was novel, graceful, useful, bright, and picturesque; but as the railroads have advanced and followed the tracks cleared by insatiable saw-mills the inartistic sack coat and the inappropriate helmet called a derby have followed upon the heels of the lumber-men and may sometimes be found even in their camps; the bright-red sashes have disappeared, but the blanket Norfolk jacket called the "Mackinaw" still holds its own, and is useful and artistic. The New-Yorker on his way to the Michigan woods sees the first signs of unconventional costumes in the depot at Detroit, where there are usually a half-dozen men waiting trains to take them up in the woods. Mackinaw coats, woolen shirts, blue Scotch caps, gray or red woolen stockings for leggings, pulled up to the knee over cheap trousers, and heavy brogan rubber shoes, generally complete the costume of these stragglers. When Saginaw is reached a few of the truckmen, expressmen, and street characters will be found wearing mackinaws of subdued colors. At the depot here there are likely to be more stragglers and probably gangs of men in charge of an agent, bound for the woods; but if the tourist expects to see the jolly wild lumberman he has read of he will be disappointed, for the lumberman of the popular type does not exist. The gangs are solemn even to downheartedness in appearance. And at the camps, away up in the snow-covered woods, the men are just as solemn as those met on the cars. You can listen in vain for the refrains of jolly shanty songs. When it comes to swearing—well, if you are disappointed in that you must indeed be an adept in the art and an associate of

experts, for from the mouths concealed by ice-decorated mustaches can roll oaths and "cuss words" that, for novelty and invention, humor and blasphemy, can well challenge any uneducated, old-fashioned pirate that ever hoisted a black flag or ranted around the bloody decks of his antique revenue-cutter.

But these lumbermen are not bad men; on the contrary, they are industrious, brave and kind, and will share all they have with the stranger within their gates. True, they may get drunk and fight, but remember when the shanty boy gets drunk there is no cab waiting outside of the club-house to take him home; and when he fights, it is a good old rough-and-tumble affair, and the best man wins.

In the camps, however, there is no whisky or ardent spirits of any kind; no fighting, no idleness nor recreation, except on Sunday, when in two or three of the log houses may be heard the squeaking notes of a fiddle and the shuffling of feet, where some fellow's tired heart is light enough to give motion to his heels. Most of the men on Sundays are occupied in mending their ragged clothes, shaving, cutting hair, or being shaved and having their hair cut.

Week days, in the camps visited by me, the train from headquarters leaves at 4:30 A.M.—breakfast at 4 A.M.—and to reach camp and sketch I had to be up and eat with the crew. With the mercury down below zero, we boarded the snorting, puffing little locomotive, held on for dear life, and made the journey of fifteen miles by starlight, over grades that would make an ordinary first-class dude locomotive faint to see.

In the camps the men with the cant-hooks and peavies were always to be found at work. Upon the arrival of the log train from headquarters, Potato Bug Charley, Long Hank Hennings, Bull Dog Regan and the rest of the boys swing the double-bladed axe, "snaking" logs to the "skidway," driving a watering-cart to sprinkle down the snow and make an icy road-bed on the lumber and "tote," all as busy as so many gnomes of the wood. Here there is occasionally a man dressed in a complete suit of mackinaws, purple trousers, blue plaid coat, etc., but all such dress withers at the approach of the hot breath of civilization.

At dinner time the men stick their warm mittens in their hip pockets, wash their faces and hands, comb their hair, take off their coats, and enter the dinner-house, seat themselves on benches at rough boards covered with oil-cloth and garnished with tin plates, cast-iron knives and forks, tin bowls, and bottles of vinegar, etc. The cook's "devils" wait on them. The food is of the best, but served in a way that does not appeal to the ordinary New Yorker's appetite. Fresh meat, pork, potatoes, cabbage, tea by the quart, pie, cake and pudding. "No canting logs at table;" in other words, you must keep your thoughts to yourself and your conversation for a more appropriate place.

That accidents are frequent I judge from the fact that in the car I occupied from Merideth to Saginaw was a man with two broken legs, a man with both hands bound up, a man with one eye put out, one with one arm in a sling, and another sick.

DAN BEARD.

The "Millionaires' Club."

THE Metropolitan Club, whose club-house is illustrated on another page, is perhaps the most pretentious, and, on the score of the wealth of its membership, the most notable social organization of the metropolis. The name by which it is popularly known, that of the "Millionaires' Club," exactly describes its character. It not only represents in its membership the wealth, but the financial activities, the commercial enterprise, and the aristocratic social life of the city. Among its members are J. Pierpont Morgan, who is its president, John Jacob Astor, William Waldorf Astor, Samuel G. Babcock, Perry Belmont, Cornelius N. Bliss, Benjamin H. Bristow, Robert Colgate, Frederick R. Coudert, Colonel S. V. R. Cruzer, Charles S. Fairchild, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Abram S. Hewitt, William B. Hornblower, William C. Schermerhorn, Augustus St. Gaudens, Robert Goellet, Ogden Goellet, George G. Haven, James B. Kernochan, Charles Lanier, Henry G. Marquand, D. Ogden Mills, W. Watts Sherman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, James M. Waterbury, Sidney Webster, George Peabody Wetmore, William C. Whitney, and Egerton L. Winthrop. The membership is limited to twelve hundred resident and five hundred non-resident members. The entrance-fee is three hundred dollars, and the annual dues one hundred dollars. At the present time the club has a membership of about a thousand.

The main building, which is of white marble and brick, is fifty by ninety feet, and there is a ladies' annex fifty-five by forty-five feet, with separate dining-rooms and drawing-rooms for

the accommodation of ladies of members' families. The building is furnished throughout without regard to cost, and the decorations of the main rooms are in excellent taste. The finish of the main vestibule and great hall on the lower floor is in Numidian marble, with a painted and gold ceiling. The smoking-rooms, ladies' restaurant and dining-hall are finished with paneled walls and beamed ceilings in English oak and white and gold, the other rooms being done in American oak, cherry, and mahogany. There will be a summer garden on the roof of the club-house, which has a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and is in the Italian Renaissance style.

M. Jean de Reszké.

IT is a well-known fact, world-wide and famous, that no more truly charitable people exist than the actor and singer folk. They are ever ready to give their mite or to display their talents in behalf of the poor and needy among their own class or for the benefit of suffering humanity at large. The recent operatic entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera-house in this city, for the benefit of our suffering working people, was the most notable incident of its kind on record among the many noble efforts now making to relieve the prevailing distress in our community. The opera-house never held such an audience in point of numbers or quality, and this is saying a great deal; and the enthusiasm which the cause and the occasion evoked was limited only by the endurance of the audience. M. Jean de Reszké, that prince of tenors, was the central object of the cheers and bravos. For not only did Monsieur de Reszké take part in three of the numbers on the programme, but it was due entirely to his initiative that the performance took place at all. While Monsieur de Reszké gave his own services, thus showing the way to all of his



M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ.

confrères, his bid also equalled the highest price paid for any of the boxes.

The American public was deeply in debt to Monsieur de Reszké for the priceless favors which he has conferred upon it as an artist. It now is in a still greater measure his debtor for his unselfish devotion to the noblest and most appealing of all human causes, that of charity. After all is said and done, none but the few ever hear the voice of the tenor as *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Romeo*, *Walther von Stolzung*, *Don José*, *Raoul*, *Vasco di Gama*, etc., because opera appeals only to the most cultured and is beyond the multitude; but when Monsieur de Reszké sang *Romeo*, *Don José*, and *Faust* at the great operatic benefit his voice went far and away beyond the narrow limits of the opera-house and reached the hearts of the distressed, whose wants will be alleviated by the great sum of money awarded to the various charitable organizations intrusted with its distribution. Over twenty thousand dollars was thus raised in this one evening.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.



"BOB, BOB, I'M CHOKING!"—ACT III.



"MY POOR NAME IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL."—ACT I.



"I AM YOUR FATHER."—ACT IV.



"SMASH MY TOPPER."—ACT II.



"SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN THE DOOR."—ACT III.



"SEX AGAINST SEX."—ACT III.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY OF "SOWING THE WIND," AS PERFORMED AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 159.]



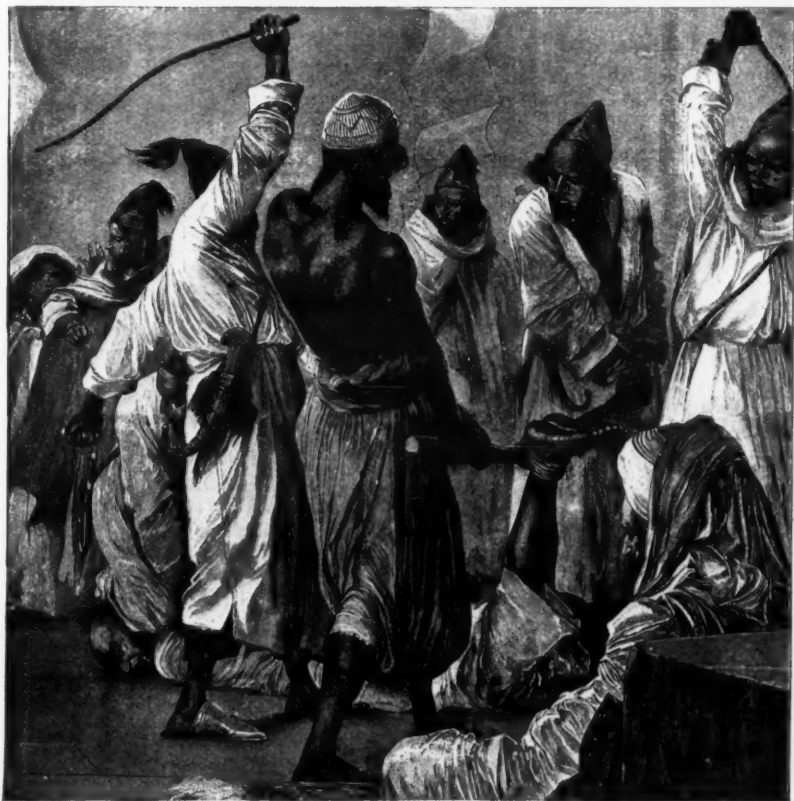
THE BICYCLE IN PARIS—A FAMILY OUTING.



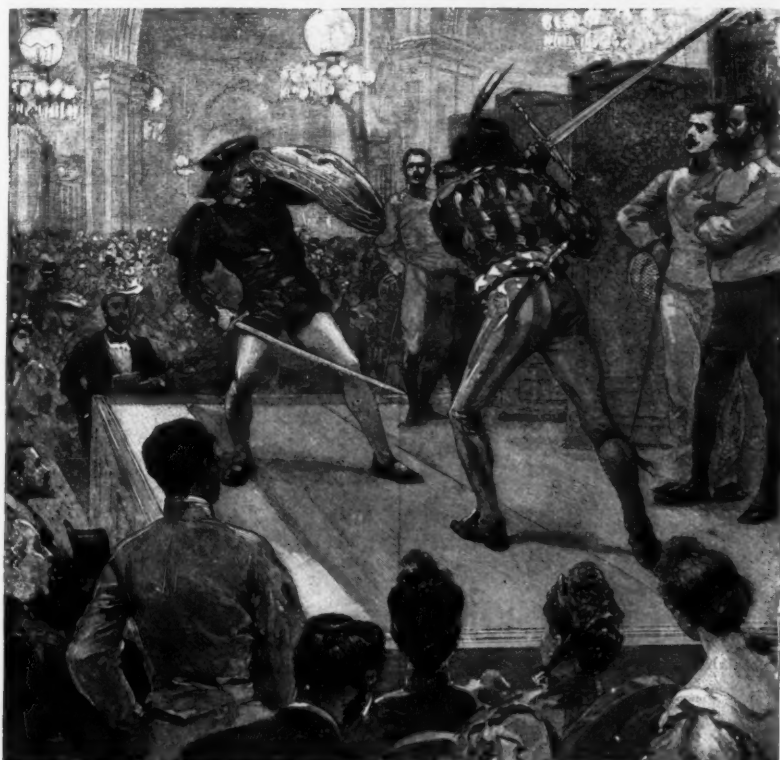
MR. GLADSTONE'S RECEPTION IN LONDON ON HIS RETURN FROM BIARRITZ.



THE OBSERVATORY OF THE TOWER OF SAINT-JACQUES, PARIS.



INFLECTING THE BASTINADO AT THE KASBAH, TANGIER.



A SWORD COMBAT BETWEEN SIXTEENTH CENTURY KNIGHTS AT A RECENT PARIS FETE.

Our Foreign Pictures.

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An Interesting Book.

"IMPENDING Judgments of the Earth; Or, Who May Abide the Day of His Coming?" is the title of a volume by Dr. Beverley O. Kinnear, of No. 110 West Seventy-fourth Street, of this city, which will be found full of interest by the reading public. It is an Utopia on the order of Bellamy, yet unlike this book from the fact that each line is based on holy writ, and attested by history and the phenomena of nature—evils that are not to be denied. It shows how prophecy is corroborated by the events of the past and present, and that predictions as yet remaining unfulfilled are certain to come to pass, since there is absolute unity in the Divine designs. One prediction of Mr. Kinnear, based on the word of Scripture, relates to the European war now universally anticipated. It is an interesting fact that this war, for which the nations are preparing, and thus predicted by the author of this book, is depicted from a military standpoint by a great Russian scientist in recent numbers of the *Russian Messenger*. The Russian author bases all his statements on the facts in the military departments of all the different countries in Europe, and gives such a picture of this coming war that one cannot read the lines without shuddering. Thus the deductions of scientific observers agree with those drawn from the Bible by Mr. Kinnear, who had at the time no knowledge of their existence.

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Policies written during the year.....	6,744
Insurance written during the year.....	\$16,656,600.00
Emergency or Surplus Fund....	1,027,796.08
Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year.....	236,362.59
Dividends paid to Policy-holders during the year.....	174,533.72
Total Membership.....	35,064
Amount paid in Losses.....	\$1,511,868.72
Total amount paid in losses since organization.....	8,464,272.57

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It was during this walk that the Hot Springs Railroad was conceived.

One of these travelers, Col. D. L. Richardson, is to-day president of the road. The road and the country have been developed carefully and naturally. The original beauty of the place has been preserved; only the discomfort removed.

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Income

Received for Premiums - \$33,594,337 98
From all other sources - 8,358,807 70
\$41,953,145 68

Disbursements

To Policy-holders - \$20,885,472 40
For all other accounts - 9,484,567 47
\$30,370,039 87

Assets

United States Bonds and other
Securities - \$72,936,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and
Mortgage - 70,720,938 93
Loans on Stocks and Bonds - 7,497,200 00
Real Estate - 18,089,918 69
Cash in Banks and Trust Com-
panies - 10,844,691 72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Pre-
miums, &c. - 6,609,608 39
Reserve for Policies and other
Liabilities - 168,755,071 23
Surplus - \$17,952,608 91

Insurance and Annuities
assumed and renewed \$708,602,552 40
NOTE.—Insurance merely written is discarded from this
Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually
issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing State-
ment and find the same to be correct.
CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned
as usual.

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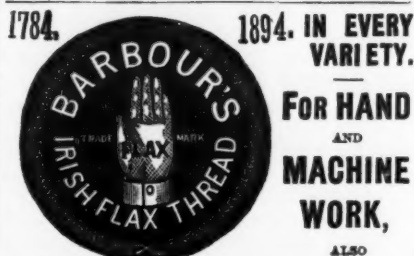
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